

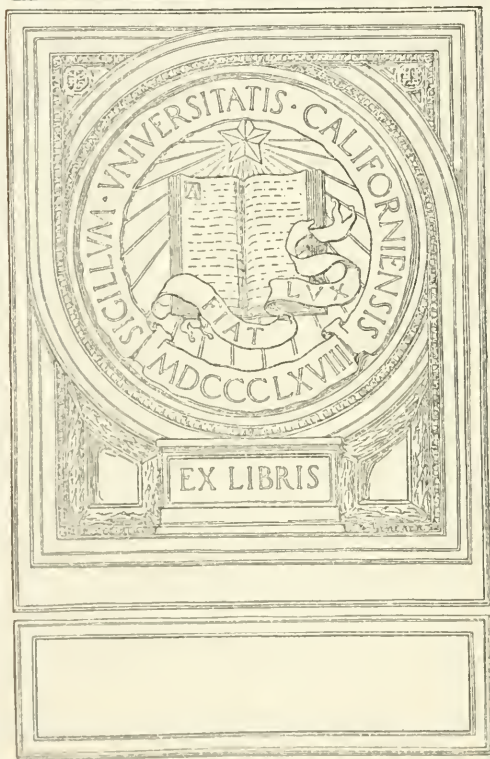
A
A
0
0
0
6
6
1
6
7
1
8



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

HARRIET HAMMOND McCORMICK

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Mrs G L Blair



HARRIET HAMMOND McCORMICK



IN MEMORIAM

HARRIET HAMMOND McCORMICK

Entered the Earthly Life
December 21, 1862

Entered the Heavenly Life
January 17, 1921

PRIVATELY PRINTED

THE SERVICES

JANUARY NINETEENTH

At the home

At the Fourth Presbyterian Church

At Graceland Cemetery

The Reverend James G. K. McClure

President of McCormick Theological Seminary

The Reverend James S. Stone

Rector of St. James's Episcopal Church

The Reverend John Timothy Stone

Pastor of Fourth Presbyterian Church

THE SCRIPTURE

We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

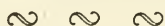
They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.



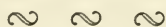
And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no night

there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.



Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.



Behold, what manner of love the Father hath

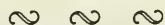
bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.



Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.

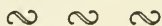


Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. I am the way, the truth, and the life. Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.



Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have

the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.



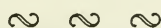
Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the

ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.



The disciples came unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.



The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and

Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.



I am the Resurrection, and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

THE HYMNS

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
 "Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done."

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done."

When troubles, sorrows surge and crowd about thee,
Put all thy trust in God so heavenly.
When tribulations endless bear thee down,
Look to the Lord and Jesus Christ His Son.
Man is but dust and soon to dust again
He will return; but see his Master then.
Oh, life is but like a day;
Therefore be happy all the way.
God has a reason for trials and tribulations;
He does ordain the strife 'twixt nations.
Why He does this we cannot know.
"Thy will be done!" May we e'er say it so.

—*Composed by Elizabeth McCormick at the age of twelve
to be sung to Mendelssohn's "Consolation"*

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

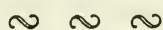
Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

THE PRAYERS

Our loving Heavenly Father, Thy presence we understand when we see Thee in the mystery of Thy victory over death. Thou hast brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. We pray that Thou wilt be graciously near to these friends as they part from the form in which their loved one dwelt. May they always find this house radiant and beautiful with her spiritual presence, and with the light and peace of the Spirit of God. Amen.



In January, 1905, Elizabeth McCormick, loving, lovable, and loved, passed into heaven, whither the mother heart has now followed her, there to abide. This prayer, which was offered at Elizabeth's funeral, we now repeat:

We seem to give her back to Thee, dear God, who gave her to us; yet as Thou didst not lose her in giving, so we have not lost her by her return. Not as the world giveth, givest Thou, O Lover of Israel. What Thou givest Thou takest not away, for what is Thine is ours

always, for we are Thine. And life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only a horizon; and the horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, strong Son of God, that we may see further; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly; draw us closer to Thee that we may know ourselves nearer to our beloved, who is with Thee; and while Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us for the happy place, that where she is and Thou art, we may be. Amen.



O Thou who art the Father of our hearts, we are all one today in common sorrow, for out of our life has gone a presence of wondrous strength, wondrous cheer, and wondrous blessing. We are all one before Thee in common reverence, for we acknowledge that Thy ways are past finding out. We are all one in our common sympathy each for the other, and for those to whom this loss is the most crushing and severe. We are all one in our common faith, for we believe in Thee and hold fast to Thee for grace and cheer. And we are all one in our common hope, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, for beyond the horizon of time we know there is the life of immortality.

We give Thee thanks for this oneness. Diversified as we are, representing so many different phases of activity, we are grateful that, because of the greatness of the love we cherished, there can be an hour when every heart is tender. We give Thee thanks that in our inmost being there is a desire to bow before Thee, as the One who dost order all the events of our lives, and dost order them in wisdom and in goodness. And we give Thee thanks that our Christian hope does not fail us, but is clear and strong in the midst of our grief.

We look to Thee as the Giver of all our joys. It was from Thee that this dear life came into our world, and grew, in beauty and in charm, into womanhood; entered into sacred marriage; knew the joys of motherhood; and developed into large purpose and usefulness in human activities, becoming so rich, so outgiving, so uplifting.

We bless Thy name for all the care that this beloved one extended to suffering children; for her unceasing interest in everything that pertained to their health of body and development of mind; for her helpfulness to all young people as they advanced into the temptations and possibilities of their development. We thank Thee for her devotion to everything that pertained to social betterment; for her consecration to the welfare of the community,

of the nation, and of the world. We bless Thee that the hidden sources of her life were in the Church of God, in which and through which she exercised so wide an influence of beneficence. We bless Thee, too, for the love she gave to innumerable friends who were bound to her by ties that can never be sundered. And we thank Thee that her home was to her her supreme sphere of usefulness, so that in her home she was always the animating and sanctifying presence.

And now, O God, in this hour so quiet and so tender, this great company of people, varied in their places and conditions of life, all bow before Thee to enter upon a new consecration. Henceforth, may it be our purpose to live by the motives which actuated her. Grant, O God, that the sources of our words and deeds may be, like hers, unselfish and genuine; that a high sense of duty may dominate us; that without envy or self-thought we may seek the good of others, rather than our own. Grant to us, also, that there may come, through Thine indwelling grace, her quietness of mind, her balance of judgment, her fair and honest consideration of every subject that makes its appeal to our thought. Grant that we may stand by every worthy cause, encouraging its workers; that we may be dependable when we promise and when

we undertake; that we may make our possessions our servants rather than suffer them to be our masters; that we may search out those who are in sorrow, or in need, or in loneliness, and minister unto them, so that they shall bless God who has enabled us to labor for the world's good.

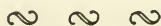
God of all comfort, enter with all Thy fullness into our hearts, and take possession of them. Bring to remembrance the sweet experiences of the days when fellowship has been close, and comradeship has been intimate, making memory retentive of voice, of look, of hand, and of work. Impart to us the assurance of Thy presence with us now, so that we may have an abundant consciousness of Thy support. Make increasingly clear to us the joy of the everlasting life, so that it shall become to us as real as our immediate sorrow. Steady us in the path of loyal devotion to all the principles of our Lord Jesus Christ. Steady us, O God, for we are weak, and only Thine everlasting arms can be our sufficiency.

As we go forth from this church, may it be that this service of love and of honor for her, and of faith and hope in Thee, shall have been to us a purification, an exaltation, a sanctification, so that all life henceforth may be richer, sweeter, and truer, because our beloved has gone to be with Thee.

Thus may it be that the hours and the days to come shall be more glorious hours and more glorious days than have ever visited our hearts and lives; and all because we have sorrowed together, and have remembered together, and have had faith together, in this hour. This we ask for the sake and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



The God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, give unto us grace to know more assuredly the fellowship of His people here with His holy ones who have gone home; lead our sister departed from glory to glory, till at the last she shall behold the beatific vision; and also make you who remain in this present world perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.



Our loving Father, the victory which Thou hast assured us over death and the grave is our word of comfort as we stand here in blessed and hallowed memory. May the peace of God abide in the hearts of all loved ones who have gathered here; and may grace, mercy, and peace abide with you all now and always, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE VOICES

“Her friends are her monument, their love is imperishable, for the human heart is more steadfast than steel, and passing from lip to lip her praise shall never die.”

The words of mourning, of sympathy, of love, and of admiration in the countless messages received at the time of Mrs. McCormick's death are so unified in thought and spirit that, like a great chorus of harmonious voices, they seem to compose a powerful theme, full of comfort and inspiration.

Many testified to their sense of loss and claimed a right to share this bereavement—those who were near and dear, whose heads were bowed with grief; those who had never seen her but had long felt the strength of her influence; those who had known her in childhood; those who had been her girlhood friends; those with whom she had worked or played through all the happy years; those who sent yearning messages from across the seas; those whose lives she had touched by gracious acts of kindness—the humble servant, the honored guest, the simple immigrant, the distinguished statesman. There were old men who wrote with trembling hands; little children who were sad because a loyal friend had gone; young women who through all the years had cherished sweet Elizabeth's memory; young men who had felt the charm of her motherly interest; and a host who mourned the loss of a beloved and valued citizen.

At first their voices mingled in a common cry of sorrow—sorrow for themselves, for their own loss; but slowly, as the glory of her life was revealed, there appeared dimly through their tears—and then more clearly—her radiant presence, more stately yet more tender, more sweetly understanding than before; and with this realization their sorrow was changed to a song of hope and triumph. Death was swallowed up in victory!

The motive running through these messages gained in impressiveness through repetition, and grew in majesty as it grew in volume, forming a beautiful symphony — a succession of melodious movements around one tender theme, begun in a minor key of sadness and ending in triumphant chords.

With the idea of this symphony in mind, these thoughts, expressed in the words of the writers, have been selected and arranged with loving care.

THE VOICES

No one could have gone from our midst *They Mourn*
who will be so mourned by all who knew her ∞
A noble spirit whose daily labors were of great
value has been taken from her sphere of activity
and influence at a time when it would seem she
was most needed ∞ We can't spare her, none
of us; we need her now, here with us ∞ It is
for those who are left that my heart is heavy,
for those of us who cannot think of life without
her friendship ∞ I only want to tell you of
my sympathy and my own sense of loss and
grief ∞ The world looks darker to many of
us ∞ I have never had such sorrow as that
which now fills my heart ∞ I am overwhelmed
by a feeling of deep sadness that never again
may I have the touch of her hand or look into
her sweet face ∞ It seems impossible that I
shall not see her smile ∞ I cannot tell you
how I long to see her face again, to hear her
voice; I loved her more than you will ever
know ∞ It is a sorrow to me that I can never
again in this life come into her gracious pres-
ence ∞ It is a lonely world to me tonight,

and I am far away when I would be near at hand, paying my tribute of love to my dear, dear neighbor ∞ Her relationship to us was so beautiful and gracious that we feel as if the light had been dimmed ∞ I have lost some one I love very much and I feel a big pain in my heart ∞ My love and admiration for her knew no bounds, and I cannot realize that God has taken her from us ∞ She was very dear to me, and I shall miss her desperately ∞ I have always felt such tenderness and love for her; I don't know any one else like her ∞ I wish she might have known how some of us loved her for herself so much more than for the things she was constantly helping us to do for others ∞ Such women cannot be spared from the world; those who reach out and brighten the lives of others are none too many ∞ With our earthly vision, it seems as though a splendid, commanding, uplifting life like hers could not be spared. Her capacity was so great, her influence for the world's betterment so helpful, and there is need for great souls today.

*They Remember
Her Kindness*

Her life was full of kind deeds, ever simply done; she was genuinely sincere in all that was for the betterment of the world ∞ I can never forget her great kindness when I came to

Chicago as a stranger. To me she was and ever will be the queen among women ∞ I can still feel the warmth of her arm around me, and I see so clearly the kind light in her beautiful eyes ∞ Her kindness to me in our great sorrow is something I cannot express, but shall always feel ∞ Her letters to me I shall keep and treasure, for each one had in it something to warm my heart and help me during the long waiting of war days ∞ Only two days before Mrs. McCormick was taken ill, I met her on the street, and in her desire to comfort me because of the loss of my daughter, she said, "We must feel no bitterness when our loved ones are taken" ∞ She came to see me first the day my elder son was born, and was the first to send me flowers. I was young and very new to Chicago. I shall never forget how much that expression of interest meant ∞ She was so kind and sympathetic during those hard years of the war, and her sweet friendly thought for us never failed ∞ After I lost my baby, no one seemed to understand or help me as much as she did. Her wonderful bigness of heart and mind were a great inspiration, and guided me through many dark hours ∞ Her personal

kindness to me began with her hospitality to my mother and myself soon after our arrival in Chicago eighteen years ago, and it has been unfailing ever since ∞ I shall always remember her welcome to me; her confidence inspired me to do my best ∞ We had a dear boy at the Presbyterian Hospital some nine years ago, and she tendered us the use of your room there; and that was not all—her kindnesses to him were constant, and when he was taken from us her understanding words helped us greatly ∞ She was so tender and sweet in my troubles last year, I shall never forget it ∞ Her kindness and friendliness to me those months that I was in Chicago are a happy memory ∞ Her courtesy to me was infinite ∞ I received from her on innumerable occasions the tokens of real kindness, true American friendship, and hospitality ∞ I must write to tell you how we love her, and shall miss her. She did so much to make the first year of our married life rich in happy memories ∞ My eyes are dim with tears and my heart overflowing with tenderness as I think of the many kind and wonderful things she has planned and done for us since we came here to live ∞ I live surrounded by her sweet

thoughtfulness! What a beautiful memory we all have of her, for she was constantly doing for others.

She was always the same dear, true friend, never thinking of herself but of others, constantly doing the loveliest things for them ∞ A train conductor told me that after the death of one of his children, Mrs. McCormick talked so beautifully to his wife that she said it was her greatest comfort ∞ When my husband died, she wrote my daughter the kindest, most motherly letter, opening to her her heart and home—I would have trusted my daughter to her anywhere on earth ∞ How wonderful she was in her watchful attention to every detail, thinking always of what she could do for other people ∞ I never knew any one more thoughtful and more unselfishly glad to take trouble for others ∞ It was Harriet's natural impulse to bring happiness into people's lives, whenever she could find a way of reaching them ∞ Courtesy and thoughtfulness were part of her daily life ∞ I have never known a more gracious presence nor one whose kindness was so unfailing ∞ Her loving spirit and foresight made possible richer, fuller lives for many who never would have known either health or happiness.

She has left behind her a lasting memorial in the multitudes of little children who have been blest by her wise and tender beneficence ∞ The city, especially the children of the city, know what Mrs. McCormick's death means ∞ We can never forget her generous and ready response to the children's wants ∞ She good woman—help children—friend of mine—she good woman ∞ We teachers appreciate more and more the value of the good work she helped to establish, for the open window rooms are indeed life savers in our stockyards neighborhood ∞ The personal loss is great, but the good that her life has done is a wonderful, living thing. The school children in this and other cities talk about the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund with a familiarity and an interest that is very touching ∞ The kindnesses of Mrs. McCormick to the children of the Open Air Schools will never be forgotten; and I shall always keep and treasure the letters she sent me during my stay at the school ∞ Ruddy cheeks which once were pallid, strong bodies which once were weak, prove that a work was started which must endure. Surely no greater monument could be erected to her memory ∞ Every good citizen has a pride in the unique

service she has rendered to children ∞ She was, above all, in the greatness of her heart, and with the tender memory of her little daughter, eager to help children ∞ She will be surrounded by a cloud of witnesses—an army of little children whose feet she has set on the road to health, who will rise up and call her blessed.

Mrs. McCormick always had an uncommonly real bond with the younger generation, it seemed to me, and her generous kindness to so many of us made us feel that we were part of her life ∞ Of all the wonderful mothers I have met, I know of none whom I admired, respected, and loved better ∞ As long as I remember anything, I shall remember her virtues and kindnesses. I can never forget her kind words of encouragement when I met her last ∞ I shall always think of your mother as an angel of goodness in those first homesick days at Princeton, as well as on many other occasions when she was kind and lovely to me ∞ I remember her so well at Camp Grant and at Sparta — so gracious and cheering, so full of energy and the spirit of service, that she seemed to me the embodiment of vitality ∞ It was a privilege for me to know

your mother. Such a combination of beauty, intellect, kindliness of feeling, love, and queenliness as was hers is seldom found.

*They Praise Her
Devotion to Her
Home*

In the sacred precincts of her home she was the light and center, the adored and loving wife, the tender and devoted mother ∞ Harriet had before her a high ideal of wifeness and motherhood in your own wonderful mother. How nobly did she take up all the cares and all the joys, all the bliss and all the sorrow, and in simple, gentle, unaffected strength of character become herself an example of sweetest wife and noblest mother ∞ A radiant, rich, and gracious life; a motherhood ideal and strong in its conception of duty ∞ Mrs. McCormick was always to me the picture of a happy wife, a perfect mother, and an ideal citizen ∞ It has been a privilege to know her in the intimacy of her home. I think of her as I saw her last, standing in the hall at Walden, her face radiant with affectionate solicitude as she made sure that everything had been done for our convenience on the homeward drive. As a hostess no detail that might add to the pleasure or comfort of her guests seemed too trivial to demand her personal attention ∞ My knowledge of the

atmosphere of a beautiful home life while in your service has left a deep impression on me ∞ Her presence in her home will be missed to an unusual degree, for she was a home-maker above all else ∞ Walden will ever be filled with the sweet spirit of her hospitality and friendship, and its quiet paths and shady lawns will always speak of her gracious personality ∞ She was a remarkable woman, a model wife and mother, who, without neglecting the pleasant obligations of her home, was a strong influence in social life, and at the same time an active force in public affairs ∞ Her rare virtues and gracious presence gave to her home a distinctive Christian atmosphere, readily recognized by all of us who were privileged to enjoy its hospitality ∞ Her home life was beautiful and will always be my ideal ∞ She liked to live quietly at home with her husband and children, apart from the social obligations which crowded in upon her ∞ I like most of all to remember her at Walden, whose beauty she was so eager to share ∞ Mrs. McCormick was at her best in her home, dispensing to all kinds of people generous and delightful hospitality ∞ She was a rare and sympathetic companion, both a helpmeet and an inspiration,

not only in the intimacy of her home but in the broad interests and far-reaching enterprises with which your family is so closely connected ∞ She was a wonderful woman—in her radiant, queenly presence, in her gracious home-making and hospitality, in her great capacity for friendship, in her wide and sympathetic interest in people everywhere and in every walk of life, in her own unselfish Christian character—a beautiful example of American womanhood.

*They Praise Her
Noble Character*

As I listened yesterday, during the services, to the Biblical description of the virtuous woman, I thought how truly every word and phrase applied to Mrs. McCormick's life and character. She did indeed excel in her natural gifts and in the use she made of her great opportunities ∞ She stood so nobly and so sweetly for all the things that are more excellent in the city's life that her death is an inestimable loss ∞ In the midst of the rushing brusqueness of others she always had the time to be gracious and charming. She radiated a spirit of helpfulness that will not die, but will live to be a rich inheritance to all who knew her ∞ She was never afraid, in the midst of the gayety and joy

of life, to sit at home and think ∞ She had what every one of us would wish for him or herself, a life full to the brim, and to the very end, with service, with love and friendship, with wise generosity, and with infinite usefulness ∞ She was not one to supplant old affections with new; the new were just added to the old ∞ To me she combined two great qualities, simplicity and dignity ∞ Harriet was, in spite of all she had, a very simple woman, loving simple things; and I think she was more interested in showing a wild flower in the woods at Walden than a painting or a tapestry in her home in town ∞ Her valuations in life were so true ∞ Holding fast to what seemed to her just and right, the spirit of toleration and the law of kindness dwelt in her speech and actions ∞ I am glad to have had the privilege of serving Mrs. McCormick all these years. The more I learned to know her, the more I loved and respected her ∞ She was so fine and inspiring, and at the same time so natural and human, that the beauty of her character was immediately apparent to those with whom she came in contact even casually ∞ She stood for so much that was big and splendid, yet underneath her stately dignity and unflin-

graciousness there seemed to be something shy and wistful and humble—something one might almost call self-distrustful—it always pulled my heart-strings and made me love her all the more ∞ I wish you could know how often I think of her! I felt drawn to her from the first moment I saw her—how well I remember that meeting! -I thought her the most charming and perfect hostess, gracious and courteous, thinking of everyone. I made up my mind then and there that she must be an admirable woman, and everything I have known or heard about her since has served to confirm that first high estimate ∞ From my earliest meeting I felt the sweet radiance of her character ∞ Perhaps she developed the ability to command; perhaps she acquired tact; but graciousness and love were born in her ∞ Just to watch Mrs. McCormick was a delight, but to have the privilege of consulting her occasionally, and to know that words spoken before her were as safe as if never spoken at all, was an inexpressible comfort ∞ I treasure as a happy memory our long talks, in which the beauty and fine integrity of her nature were revealed ∞ No one can acquire that hold upon others unless possessed of rare

powers, mental and spiritual ∞ She had a sympathetic and loyal heart, softened by an acquaintance with grief, which seemed to have lifted her above selfishness, worldliness, and self-importance ∞ I watched with increasing admiration the development of her noble character—her sweetness and affection, her high ideals, her superb sense of stewardship rising with her ever-increasing responsibilities, her great moral strength. She had the wisdom not to condemn the world by shunning it, but to take an active part in it, courageously maintaining the highest ideals ∞ Her social standards were an unconscious criticism of flippancy and ostentation ∞ She saw quickly the most subtle point of what was right, then quietly but firmly took her stand, and the influence of it was felt not only among her friends but throughout the city ∞ She always seemed to me to combine unusual qualities of head and heart, great executive powers with loving sympathies, firm convictions with sweet reasonableness, definite faith on her own part with broad tolerance for others, always maintaining that difficult balance of being in the world and yet not wholly of it, enjoying richly its pleasures but unspotted by its soil.

My earliest memory goes back to the days when as a girl she visited here. She was so lovely ∞ I think of her as she looked at the time of her wedding—so gracious and beautiful because of the soul that illumined her face ∞ We have been recalling our early memories of her—her abounding life and spontaneity, her joyous charm with her young children, and their delight in her queenly beauty ∞ All the gifts were hers, yet she was untouched by vanity ∞ I think that the quality that drew me to her most irresistibly was a certain spontaneous, eternal girlishness, a freshness of spirit that nothing seemed to daunt ∞ It is esteemed by me as a great and good fortune that I had the pleasure and honor of knowing her and coming within the circle irradiated by her charm of mind and person ∞ We have known no other woman who combined so many noble and gracious qualities of mind and heart, as well as great beauty of person, as she did ∞ I shall always remember her as I used to see her, fresh and beautiful, in the early mornings here in Paris just one short year ago ∞ Her gracious manner was unchanging; there was a personal note in it, and her exquisite smile was like sunshine ∞ I am thinking of the

strong influence of her steady, valiant character, of her rare beauty, and of the tender feeling which shone in her eyes.

Ever since Harriet came to Chicago, a beautiful, blooming, slender, erect girl of twelve, I have loved and admired her and longed to be like her. She embodied beauty, goodness, gayety, and sweetness in a way no one I ever knew did ∞ Every child forms an ideal to live up to, and long ago I chose Mrs. McCormick as mine; every sweet and womanly act of hers made me happy and proud because she was the star my eyes followed ∞ She has been my ideal of all a woman should be since I was a little girl ∞ I think you know how much I loved her and looked up to her from the time I was quite a little person ∞ From the moment when, as an exquisite young girl, she first came to see me, to my last visit with her a month ago, she has dwelt in my mind as an example of all that a woman should be ∞ She meant everything that was finest in life to me, and I have always counted her as one of my dearest friends ∞ I should like to have some little thing that was hers — a book or a photograph, something she treasured — to remind me constantly of all that she stood for ∞ When

*They Speak of
Her As Their
Ideal*

I feel small and out of courage I look at her picture for inspiration, take another grip on myself, and face the thing feared ~ I never parted from her without feeling myself a better woman for our moments together ~ I want you to know what an inspiration she has been to me; and lately when things have gone hard, her words and her faithful friendship have given me courage ~ She endowed life for me with a new meaning. She renewed my hope and strengthened my faith ~ I never was with her that I did not feel refreshed and inspired to meet life in a better, higher way ~ Association with her inspired all who knew her to seek service and the things worth while ~ Mrs. McCormick has been my ideal of all that is best — of what I have wanted to be. She made me want to live a better, fuller life because she gave so abundantly of her own life for others ~ I shall always treasure my memories of Harriet and all that she stood for ~ She was to me the embodiment of those qualities I have long considered necessary for my ideal of womanhood ~ Through my acquaintance with her I have a vision of the great gift of true womanhood and its power in life ~ Her

splendid life has brought sunshine and joy into the lives of others, and many of us feel that we are the better for having had so noble a woman among us ∞ The beauty of her character, in its sincerity, its unselfish thought for others, its entire devotion to the right, is to older and younger women alike a wonderful inspiration.

One of the enriching experiences of my life has been the privilege of working under Mrs. McCormick's leadership ∞ She was a tower of strength in such a wide field ∞ Wherever she served she became a leader, and it was a joy to follow ∞ Her assistance in every big undertaking was so graciously extended that it was indeed a pleasure to serve with her ∞ There never was a thing asked of her, nor a point on which she was consulted, to which she did not give of her best judgment; she always seemed able to find the golden mean between what was too radical and what was too conservative ∞ To see her name connected with an organization meant that its aims were high and its business principles sound ∞ We know so well what it means to work with those who stand staunchly by, as she did, to give loving aid and hearty support to the task to be performed ∞

*They Rejoice In
Her Leadership*

Many of us did not know her personally, yet somehow, in an intangible way, we felt we had her friendly interest ∞ She often seemed to lack confidence in herself, but when she had been persuaded that she was needed for a given undertaking and her reluctance had been overcome, she would assume the leadership with enthusiasm, cheerfully fulfilling every obligation and creating a standard for those who came after ∞ She was a loyal friend to every good cause, her mind active in thinking and planning, her zeal contagious, her counsel wise, and her judgment sane ∞ Her benefactions, her beautiful spirit of service, her vision, and her broad-mindedness constitute a legacy which the entire association regards as a rare inspiration ∞ Her loyalty, her enthusiasm, and the strength of her leadership are among our precious memories of this lovely and singularly noble woman.

*They Honor Her
As a Good
Citizen*

When to unselfish devotion, and sympathy for the poor and weak, there is added a desire to express it in a material way, then it is difficult to estimate the great loss to a city when one like Mrs. McCormick is taken away ∞ It isn't just her friends or a few people who will miss her, but the entire community ∞

Chicago has suffered a great loss, and all her friends are the poorer ∞ The city and the nation at large have lost a great citizen ∞ Apathy in civic affairs is a difficult thing to contend with, but she was the personification of interest in every worthwhile endeavor ∞ She set a high standard as a friend and citizen, and her going makes one realize, along with the pain, the value and glory of such a life ∞ Mrs. McCormick was truly a leader; herself good and beautiful, she stood for all that was good and beautiful in the city's life ∞ No one can fill her place in Chicago; she was loved, respected, honored by all who knew her; a perfect wife and mother, a public-spirited citizen, a philanthropist, a woman of great heart and warmest sympathies, a rare combination of gentleness and force, of principle and tact, and grace and beauty. To have known her was a privilege; it strengthened one's belief in human nature and all that is good ∞ She was a splendid representative of American Christian womanhood ∞ The wisdom, judgment, and sympathy which were hers made her life effective in a very wide world — a world which will continue to receive her beneficence, though the intimate touch of her guiding hand is gone ∞

She was vitally interested in the affairs of this country, and of the world, and splendidly equipped to take part in them ∞ Women such as she appear only at long intervals; when they do, their excellence is recognized and appreciated, not only by those fortunate enough to come within the circle of their influence, but also by all intelligent and right-minded observers of the forces which operate for the general good.

*Questioning and
Mourning Are
Swept Away*

You and I have had the privilege of sharing our lives with great souls; for such happiness we must be deeply grateful to God. Now that sorrow has come, we have no choice, save as to how we shall meet it. We may make these experiences weights to our feet or wings to our souls; we may sit alone with our grief or share the world's sorrow; we may be victims of our loneliness or victors over it; we may remain in the valley of the shadow of death or soar to the mountain peaks of transfiguration, for "It isn't life that counts but the courage you bring to it" ∞ Beautiful to look upon and beautiful in soul, she was prepared for her translation ∞ It brings comfort to us, as it must to you, to know that Harriet's spirit has now joined that of Elizabeth; and because of

their lives here, we are all richer in happiness and joy ∞ The thought of her reunion with Elizabeth is very comforting ∞ In the stricken sense of loss which one and all suffer through her departure, I can see the two long processions of those who mourn here and those who welcome and rejoice there; for Harriet McCormick to have passed from earth into the glory of heaven, almost untouched by illness or weariness of the flesh, is a triumph meet for her glorious life.

I am inspired and uplifted by my precious memories of Harriet ∞ I shall always think of her with happiness, as long as I live ∞ Life without her will never be quite so sweet, quite so worth while—but because of her we shall all live it better ∞ Death cannot dim her dear and radiant personality ∞ She fulfilled her destiny in life, and her spirit has now gone to a glory beyond our understanding ∞ Her finely balanced mind and heart gave to her life an enduring influence which serves to strengthen in others the will to carry on the work in which she believed ∞ Her spirit still lives with us to help us do our duty as she so unselfishly and nobly did hers ∞ Her character and personality were so strong and

*Rising Above
Grief, They Sing
the Victory of
Faith*

outstanding that there remains for us a powerful and a living influence ∞ We shall cherish her memory and try to follow the example she has set us ∞ We shall miss her oh! so much! but we must hold fast to the wonderful spirit and the high ideals that she ever maintained ∞ We cannot lose her; such a wealth of unselfish enthusiasm as she shed upon those with whom she came in contact must ever remain an ideal and an inspiration ∞ Some of us will do better, braver work because of her courage and her truly beautiful life ∞ To have known her strengthened one's belief in human nature and all that is good ∞ My own life is the stronger and finer for every remembrance of her ∞ We shall carry into the future the rich benefit of having known and loved her ∞ The world was exalted and made more beautiful by her righteous life ∞ There remains uppermost in our hearts an all-surpassing feeling of gratitude for the wonderful lessons of her life ∞ Her sweet spirit, so treasured on earth, has gone to larger fields of usefulness ∞ God's Divine Plan is surely brought nearer perfection through Harriet McCormick's life and work ∞ She made life more beautiful in living, and in going makes

heaven seem more near ~ Did you see the rift in the clouds and the ray of sunshine creep through, during the services at Graceland? Her passing into the brighter life leaves behind a trail of glory ~ Harriet's spirit lives on, in the consciousness of the whole community, in the hearts of her friends, and in the inmost life of her family ~ A life so significant to the world, abounding in that which is good and lovely, triumphs over death, for by its works there is created a noble immortality.

“THE PICTURE OF A LIFE WELL SPENT.”

HARRIET HAMMOND McCORMICK

The childhood home of Mrs. McCormick in Haverhill, Massachusetts, is picturesquely described in her own words: "The brick house in which Grandfather and Grandmother Hammond lived was large and roomy. The two rooms to the left of the front door were sacred to the owners: the front room where grandma was always to be found in the high-backed chair by the front window overlooking the tree-shaded lawn of the Baptist Church; and the back sitting-room where stood grandfather's secretary and where hung an old portrait of Daniel Webster, looking into the distance with those stern, far-seeing eyes, which seemed to follow me wherever I went. Then there were the two best parlors across the hall, always kept closed except on state occasions, and here there were, between the windows, long mirrors in gilt frames, supported by marble console tables with gilt legs. The paper was striped greyish-white and green, and it had a dull velvety surface which I used to touch, and it gave me a queer, creepy feeling. I

can still see these rooms with their stiff, handsome furnishings, the rosewood furniture, the marble-topped tables, and on one of them the large family Bibles.

“There were two of these family Bibles in my grandfather’s household. The best one contained the records of more recent births, marriages, and deaths; whereas the older one, bound in much worn sheepskin, was in daily use, and on this I was allowed to sit at meals. At breakfast my grandfather always read a chapter from the Bible and said a prayer, and I leaned against his shoulder until the morning devotions were ended. Grandfather and grandmother were an extraordinarily handsome couple; he was the more genial of the two, while she had more reserve and a certain old-school dignity of manner. Grandfather’s commanding presence made him a marked figure as he walked about with his ivory-headed cane in his hand, and his carefully brushed black broadcloth suit, the high satin stock and linen collar of earlier days, and always the shining beaver hat.”

This charmingly sketched picture suggests the story of Mrs. McCormick’s ancestry and of her early surroundings.

In 1624 John Woodbury left his home in Somersetshire, England, and with his wife, Joanna, came to Salem, Massachusetts, to found a home in the new country. He filled the important offices of constable and treasurer of the little town, was a member of the first Meeting House, and was called affectionately "Father Woodbury" by his fellow townsmen. The descendants of John and Joanna Woodbury for four generations lived in Salem or in Beverly. In 1789 one of them, Mehitable Woodbury by name, married Philip Hammond, whose family had early settled in Marblehead. Their first child, Andrew Woodbury Hammond, was Mrs. McCormick's grandfather. His wife was Harriet Bradley, whose first American ancestor, Joseph Bradley, had settled in Haverhill in 1659.

Andrew and Harriet Hammond had five children, of whom the youngest was George Woodbury Hammond. Like many of his ancestors before him, this young man also followed the sea, and on one of his voyages, while in command of one of several merchant ships owned jointly by himself and his elder brother, he touched at Newport, Monmouthshire, England. Here he met Emma Young, the daughter of a small English landowner, to whom he was married

in 1861. And it was at Newport, on December 21, 1862, that Harriet Bradley Hammond was born. When she was about a year old, her father, Captain Hammond, brought his wife and baby daughter to America, where they lived with his parents at the old family home in Haverhill, Massachusetts. When the little Harriet was five years old, her parents took her with them on a voyage to Bombay, the glories of which left vivid pictures in her mind, which she never wearied of describing to her playmates.

A girlhood friend has written of her during the time she lived in Haverhill: "I have a joyful memory of the first time I saw Hattie Hammond. I was a very little girl, she a big one, and I had been asked to go and spend the afternoon with her. I had been told that she liked little girls and would play with me. I remember that she did play with me all afternoon and I had a most beautiful time. After this first meeting I saw her often until she went to Chicago to live. After each meeting I loved her more, and gradually the thought came to me that I wanted to be like her because she gave so much pleasure and was always doing kind and thoughtful things for people, yet she always had a good time and was full of fun and high spirits. I remember

how fair she was when we played games. She would never take any advantage of the rest."

In January, 1875, when Harriet Hammond was twelve years old, her father died, and she came to Chicago to live with her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond Stickney, who adopted her and looked upon her as her own child. Mrs. Hammond, with her two sons, remained in Haverhill for some years, after which she returned to her old home in Newport, England. Of Harriet's advent into Chicago life another girlhood friend has written: "On the north side, within a circle of which Madam McCormick's house on Rush Street might be described as the center, there lived a small and intimate group of children who had been temporarily scattered by the Fire. The neighborhood was very simple in its friendliness, the elders working together for the rebuilding of the city, and their daughters gathering in Miss Kirkland's school, which was then held in the King house. Into this group of children who knew each other well came a new and beautiful girl from the East, and we all felt at once the loveliness of her character as well as of her person. A vivid picture comes to me of Harriet Hammond as she was then, a tall, active

girl, with erect carriage, free swinging step, long yellow braids, blue eyes, and brilliant coloring. She was a real personality."

This daughter of New England ancestry, with her character already moulded by healthy discipline and deep religious influences, came thus into the city that was to be her home. Mrs. Stickney's ideas of how a young woman should be trained were based upon steadfast New England principles. These principles made a deep and lasting impression on the young girl's mind, solidifying the foundations of her character and endowing her with a strength of purpose, clearness of vision, and calmness of judgment which were to distinguish her in later years.

The inspiring teaching received at Miss Kirkland's school was supplemented by two years of foreign travel and study under the stimulating guidance of her aunt and in the happy companionship, for much of the time, of three of her dearest friends. These girlhood friendships, strengthened by this experience, continued and deepened through all the years of Mrs. McCormick's life.

Upon returning to Chicago her life as a young lady began. Of those "youthful days" she once wrote in a letter to a friend: "Auntie

and I continued to travel a great deal. We went South every spring, spent a month in New York every fall, and attended the theater and opera frequently. Then I had girls come to visit me each summer and sometimes in the winter, and I made delightful visits to them. Auntie was very fond of young people, and often had them at the house."

At this time she was a rarely beautiful girl. Her beauty of expression enhanced her beauty of form and color. Her tall, slender figure, luxuriant blond hair, and slightly darker, well-defined eyebrows and brilliant complexion made her always a person who attracted attention, and yet she was so lacking in self-consciousness that she never seemed to see the looks of admiration which followed her wherever she went.

On March 5, 1889, she was married to Cyrus Hall McCormick at the Church of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, Monterey, California. After some weeks in Hawaii and a summer in Europe, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick purchased the Stickney house on Huron Street, where they established their home. Then followed sixteen happy years unclouded by any deep sorrow. She was her husband's comrade and counsellor, and shared his confidence in the many difficult and absorbing

problems that faced him in the development of a great industry. She was a devoted mother to their three children, Cyrus, Elizabeth, and Gordon, the leading spirit and gay companion in all their games and parties, their wise adviser when problems arose, their confidante when troubles came.

There was a constant and insistent demand from the outside world that she should give more of her time to social and civic affairs, but Mrs. McCormick wisely devoted the larger share of her energies to that which is in the end most precious both to the individual and to society. Her ideals of a home were expressed in tangible form not only in the house in Chicago, with its paintings, its tapestries, and its atmosphere of charm and distinction, but more especially in the beautiful country place of "Walden," in Lake Forest. From the time the family first lived there in 1896, it began to reflect her spirit. Her own nature was simple and direct, and her love of beauty was balanced by a very sane temperament. Not wishing to distort or limit any beautiful line in nature, she made it her constant study to emphasize simplicity, harmonize colors, balance light and shade, and give its true value to each rich gift of nature. Means

were found to multiply wild flowers in the woods and on the sides of the deep ravines, down which winding paths were traced; wide vistas were cut, and there was never any hesitation to sacrifice a tree if thereby a greater beauty could be attained. Stiff or formal planting was avoided, and the wide lawns suggested her own gracious and generous personality. The calm and thoughtful elements of her character were symbolized in the majesty and beauty of the woodlands she loved so well. Opposed to anything pretentious or spectacular, Mrs. McCormick achieved in Walden a home that breathed a spirit of hospitality and friendship. All who went there felt a sense of happiness and content, for she had already learned one of the great secrets of life, and knew that to have contentment there must be quiet and poise and peace from within.

It was the possession of this secret that enabled Mrs. McCormick to bear with noble courage the swift parting from her beloved and only daughter, Elizabeth, on January 25, 1905. This poignant but illuminating experience brought to her more clearly the realization that death is not necessarily a separation but rather the revelation of a larger life which is to be lived

on earth. So her interests, instead of narrowing into the channel of her own personal grief, flowed out to others in rich streams of sympathy and intelligent helpfulness. Her intimate experiences of joy and sorrow only enriched her nature and gave her a larger capacity for understanding the joys and sorrows of humanity.

From this time on, indeed, Mrs. McCormick became more and more an example of one who combined, with a deep love of home and a passionate devotion to her own children, a vision large enough to include the life of her community in all its finer phases, as well as a comprehension of its needs. The appeal of childhood was the strongest, perhaps, that came to her generous nature, and soon after the death of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick began carefully considering what memorial should be made in her name. In 1908 the brilliantly promising life of the young girl took expression in the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund. The terms of the foundation are wise and far-seeing. It is not a memorial with architectural limitations of stone or marble, but is a living creation which will respond to the needs of little children in all generations. Soon after its inception the Fund began to reach out in many directions—first in

promoting the baby tents in which the children of the crowded tenements received medical and nursing care during the hot summer months; then in establishing the open air and open window school rooms which have since become a feature of schools all over the country; and more recently still in cultivating the pioneer field of nutrition work among school children. In all of its activities, Mrs. McCormick's painstaking investigations, conscientious judgment, quick imaginative sympathy, and large-hearted vision were indispensable factors.

This was the central theme of her practical vision, as described in her own words: "The cause of childhood is, or should be, closely bound up with our civic life. By his dreams the child may grow, and may win out in spite of faulty food, inadequate clothing, crowded tenements, or gilded palaces; but his dreams have been unheeded, his imagination has been stifled, and his castles, many of them, have fallen to the ground. We must open the door of hope to all children. The march of progress will begin when the people as a whole — the nation, the state, the municipality — recognize their duty toward the child and endeavor to fulfill it."

Her eagerness to serve the cause of childhood

also prompted Mrs. McCormick to promote, finance, and assume the leadership of the eventful Child Welfare Exhibit held in the Coliseum in 1911. Its purpose also is best expressed in her own words, spoken at the time: "Fine as are our agencies seeking to meet the wants of children, this exhibit impresses our minds with the fact that they are pitifully inadequate. The idea to be kept before the public is that the child welfare work now being done in Chicago, when set over against the tremendous need for it, presents such a disparity that every person who has seen this exhibit goes away with a sense of humiliation, and not of complacency. Now that we know what is left undone for children, we cannot stand still; justice and common sense must direct our energies. What avail our plans for the new Chicago if we have forgotten to plan for its children?" The challenge of the exhibit was accepted; and a far-reaching impetus was given to child welfare activities not only in Chicago but throughout the country.

Even before Elizabeth's death had quickened her interest in the needs of little children, Mrs. McCormick had a vision of the needs of other unfortunate groups of humanity. In an address on Industrial Betterment Work made before the

General Federation of Women's Clubs at Los Angeles on May 6, 1902, the speaker said, "The introduction of industrial betterment work in one large manufacturing institution in this country was the result of the influence of a woman, and she obtained the idea from the Sociological Exhibit at the Paris Exposition." The woman referred to was Mrs. McCormick, and the story of how she came to encourage this work is best told in her letters, written at the time when her heart was first inspired.

"In 1897 I chanced to visit the factory one bright, sunny morning. As I passed through those vast rooms, I felt thrilled and overwhelmed with the immensity of the plant, but mingled with these thoughts was solicitude for our grave responsibilities for the future. At noon time I saw between one and two hundred men eating their dinners, crowding into the inadequate shade cast by the high board fence. All the rest of that day I thought more of that picture than of the prosperity of the great plant. As the days went on there would come up before me as a haunting picture the memory of those men — I could feel and see again their weary faces and the hot sun, and it seemed to me as if something would have to be done for the vast

army in our employ. Through the attempt which Cyrus and my aunt have made to introduce Domestic Science into the public schools of Chicago, I am glad to feel that we are coming into closer touch with some of their children; but my interest, aroused through a close study of Jacob Riis, has made me think more and more of how little is really being done for our employees.

“Since coming to Paris, the only part of the Exposition I have yet seen is the building devoted to social economics. I have carefully examined the exhibit made in the United States department, and have had several talks with specialists in social service work; and now, contrary to my policy of non-interference, I feel that I must venture a few suggestions. I should like to see an outward and visible sign of the inward and material growth which has taken place at our works. I should like to see some of those begrimed walls covered with clinging green vines. I do not know whether there is space enough to plant any trees, but I should like to see them growing, as well as grass and flowers and shrubbery. Then I should like one or two rooms made clean and bright with paint and pictures, and provided with benches and tables where the

men could eat their lunches during the colder weather."

It was not long after these suggestions were made that welfare work was begun in the Harvester Company, placing it among the pioneers in that branch of industrial betterment.

The story of Mrs. McCormick's many interests is a long one: she gave time, thought, and financial support to the Young Women's Christian Association, and in critical moments stood staunchly by; she was a loyal friend of the Woman's City Club; she was an active member of the Visiting Nurse Association, and an officer of its board for many years; she served two years as president of the Fortnightly; she was also for two terms president of the Friday Club; she believed in the cause of equal suffrage and became one of its strong advocates; she was an earnest communicant of St. James's Episcopal Church, and also, after her marriage, entered with enthusiasm into the work of Fourth Presbyterian Church; she co-operated with several garden and horticultural societies; she contributed generously to clubs representing the best in Arts and Letters; nor did she neglect those which responded to the purely social needs of the community. She felt a personal responsibility toward the McCormick

Theological Seminary, and found frequent opportunities for manifesting her interest in Princeton, the Alma Mater of her husband and her sons.

To a life so full it would seem that nothing more could be added, and then came the World War. From the very first she put forth every effort to help. She opened her house to those who pleaded the cause of Belgium; she worked actively for the relief of the stricken kingdom. Then came in turn France, Italy, Serbia. All countries and any work to alleviate suffering received from her a quick, intelligent response. She worked untiringly to summon audiences so that the cry for help should never go unheard. Then we entered the war. She was one of the first in Chicago to see the necessity for women to organize in order to meet the demands of war service. She became treasurer of the Woman's Committee of the Council of Defense, Illinois Division. She pleaded the cause of war economy in public; she changed her entire mode of living at home in keeping with the conservation program; she kept two houses open—one in Chicago and one in Rockford, at Camp Grant—where hospitality was extended to those needing cheer, from young homesick soldiers to international envoys. Her heart was so stirred with patriot-

ism and sympathy that she scarcely gave a thought to her personal needs. Although her work absorbed long days each week, beginning at seven and often lasting until late evening hours, she never relaxed, going from one duty or meeting to another unceasingly, unflinchingly. Multiplied activities quickened her vision; it was at her home in Lake Forest that the first meeting was held outside of New York to organize the war-work program of the Young Women's Christian Association; it was the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund that led in the work for children under the Council of Defense in Illinois.

As a leader in war work, Mrs. McCormick made many addresses. In these she constantly emphasized the need of united effort, of sacrifice, and of devoted patriotism: "We ought to stand back of the boys of Illinois who have entered the service, not because of personal interest in the one particular unit to which our own boys belong, but as one united body of women of Illinois behind every man from this State who has gone to fight." . . . "Do not let us measure our gifts or ourselves by the low standards of a pre-war patriotism, by simply giving what we do not need or can easily spare, but by the

exalted standards of the heroic women of Europe, who are giving of their treasure in men and money and services without limit. Let us realize that we have work to do, and that it takes both personal effort and money to accomplish it, and let us see to it that we contribute generously to alleviate suffering abroad, as well as to carry on the defense work at home." . . . "Many of us are pitying ourselves because we have had a husband, a brother, or a son leave home to go into military service. We forget that this sacrifice is for something so much bigger than any of our personal affections that our personalities sink into insignificance in comparison to the service for our beloved country."

When the armistice was signed, Mrs. McCormick did not relax her efforts. As vice-chairman of the United War Work Campaign, she urged: "Do not let the thought of peace overshadow the crying needs and comforts of those who have played such a big part in making peace possible. The task of carrying out the terms of the armistice and seeing that it is lived up to is a staggering one." . . . "The time has come when we must live for an ideal, and we have to prepare our bodies and souls for it; and this preparation is going to be all the harder

because we have no longer the spur and din of the battle line to inspire us. We cannot have our boys come back here and find us living and talking just as if there had never been a war. Let us take up our duties and responsibilities and obligations, and fight the good fight before they come." "We now have the greatest opportunity that any people has ever had in the history of the world. We have a chance to work now, not in order that men may fight, which means destruction, but that men and women may fight for reconstruction."

When presiding at a luncheon given in the interests of the Young Women's Christian Association in May of 1919, she said: "We have felt in our war service the joy of self-forgetfulness, of devotion to duty, and we must conserve the spirit that has glorified this war. We must realize that the world is still facing problems as great and as difficult as beating Germany. There are big tasks ahead of us for the welfare of humanity. Sometimes they have very homely faces and commonplace names: Social Welfare, Social Justice, Harmony between Capital and Labor, Good Government in City, State, and Nation. In brief, humanity calls us to organize an army of militant righteousness for fighting

the evils of the world and promoting the Kingdom of God which is within us."

And so, up to the very end of her life, her horizon kept widening; her eager eyes were ever seeking new and wise ways of lightening the heavy burdens of humanity; her helpful hands were ever outstretched to give and to soothe. She had built up her home with wifely tenderness and motherly devotion, and then, simply, with no self-consciousness, in answer to the urging inspiration of grief, she had gone out into the larger sphere and made the city's children her children too. Its varying needs found an echo in her heart, and to them she responded generously, gallantly, as becomes a great citizen.

Her life, like that of her beloved daughter Elizabeth, was as "a stream that deepened and broadened, becoming stronger and sweeter with every year until it passed into the infinite ocean of Divine Love that fills Eternity."

The inspiration to others in such a life is the realization that what made it radiant was not the number of things that were accomplished, not the organizations perfected and set in motion, but the unquenchable glow that seemed to come from an inner fire divinely fed—divinely fed because at the center of her life was a deep

reverence for the spiritual truth of humanity,
an elemental simplicity that enabled her to
choose beauty and right instinctively, and a
profound faith in God.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

Form L-0
25m-2, '43 (52-1)

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

CT

275

In memoriam.

M137I3 Harriet Hammond

McCormick.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 661 671 8

CT

275

M137I3

